

 **FEBRUARY**
No.23

STILL 52 PAGES

BLACKHAWK


I.C.D.
2

10¢

batters down
OPPRESSION!



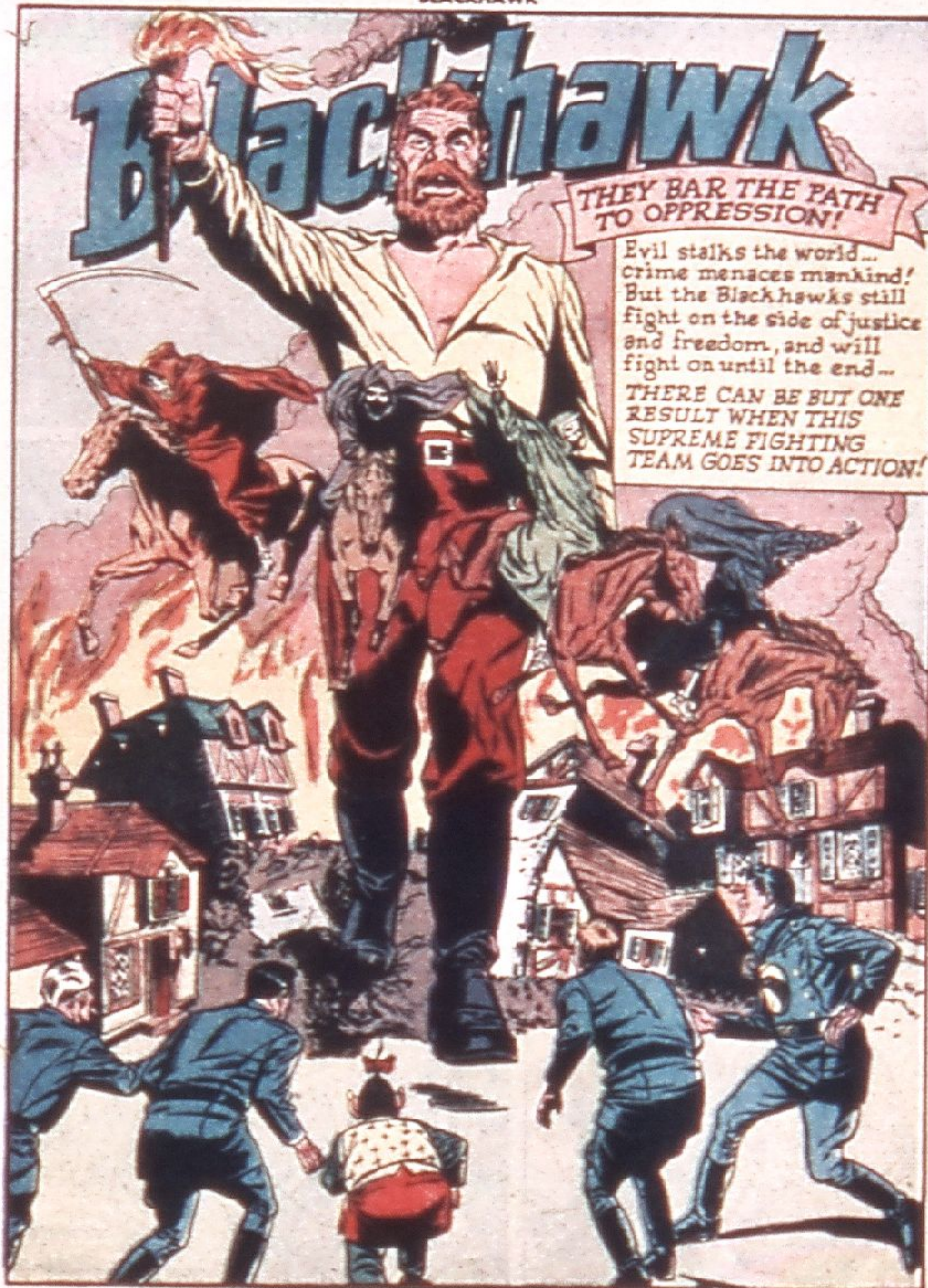


WEB COMIC
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Blackhawk

THEY BAR THE PATH
TO OPPRESSION!

Evil stalks the world...
crime menaces mankind!
But the Blackhawks still
fight on the side of justice
and freedom, and will
fight on until the end...
THERE CAN BE BUT ONE
RESULT WHEN THIS
SUPREME FIGHTING
TEAM GOES INTO ACTION!



Streaking across the high heavens toward a great capital city speeds a formation of planes...

Each evil foe we dare,
And track him to his
lair...
WE'RE BLACKHAWKS!



Down drop the Blackhawks toward the town that is their objective...

LAND AT THE AIRPORT, BUT
SPEAK TO NOBODY BUT THE
HIGH OFFICIALS WHO
SECRETLY SENT
FOR US!



But, for all their quiet arrival, the Blackhawks have been recognized...

I TELL YOU I
SAW THEM AT THE
AIRPORT! THE BLACK-
HAWKS... ALL OF
THEM! AND THEY
MUST HAVE COME
HERE FOR ONLY
ONE REASON...
TO...

LOWER YOUR
VOICE, FOOL!
SOMEONE
MIGHT HEAR!
COME INSIDE
AND REPORT!



CHIEF BOORN,
I COME TO
SAY...

I HEARD YOU BLATTING OUTSIDE!
SO THEY'VE COME, EN? I HAVE
EXPECTED THIS... AND HAVE
MADE PLANS!



IT WAS LOGICAL THAT THE
BLACKHAWKS WOULD HEAR SOME
RUMOR OF OUR SCHEME TO OVER-
THROW THE GOVERNMENT HERE
AND SEIZE CONTROL!



BUT THEY'RE IN THIS
VERY TOWN! THEY'LL
TRACE US...
ATTACK US...

I SAID I HAD MADE
PLANS! OPEN THE
INNER DOOR YONDER!





WHO...
WHAT IS
THAT?

ONLY THE BAIT WITH
WHICH I SET A TRAP
FOR THE BLACKHAWKS!



Elsewhere in the city...

BLACKHAWK, IT IS A
PLEASURE TO GREET
YOU AGAIN! YOU
WILL HELP US, I
KNOW!

THE PLEASURE
IS ALL OURS, YOUR
EXCELLENCY!
YOU REMEMBER
MY FRIENDS...
HERE IS ANDRE...



LIKEWISE, CHUCK... STANISLAUS...
OLAF... HENDRICKSON...

JA! UND, UF
COURSE, CHOP
CHOP, TOO!

WE HAVE INDICA-
TIONS THAT A
VIOLENT UPRISING
WILL BE STAGED
HERE, PLUNGING
OUR COUNTRY
INTO RUIN!

AND WE HAVE
COME TO FIND
AND DEFEAT THE
PLANNERS OF
THAT UPRISING!
THEN THEIR
FOLLOWING WILL
QUICKLY FALL
TO PIECES!

BUT WE DON'T KNOW
WHERE TO FIND THOSE
LEADERS! ALL WE
HAVE IS A RUMOR
THAT THEIR
CHIEF IS

BOORN!

BOORN!
WE KNOW
HIS RECORD
AND HIS FOUL
POTENTIALITIES!
WE'LL LEAVE NOW
AND DIVIDE TO
COMB THE CITY
FOR CLUES!



And, again at Boorn's headquarters...

I'VE STUDIED THE WEAKNESSES
OF THE BLACKHAWKS! HENDRICK-
SON IS A FIERCE FIGHTER, BUT
LIKES FOOD! OLAF IS A HOT-
BLOODED GIANT! CHUCK AND
STANISLAUS ARE TEMPERED
BY SOFT FEELINGS...

AND ANDRE,
I'VE HEARD,
GREATLY
ADMIRE A
PRETTY FACE!



JUST SO!
AND HERE WE
HAVE AS PRETTY
A FACE AS ANDRE
EVER SAW!







LOOKY SEE!
ANDRE MAKEE
TIME WITH PLETTY
LADY!



ANDRE LIKEE MUCH
BEAUTY GIRL! MAYBE
NO LOOKEE FOR
ENEMY! CHOP
CHOP FOLLOW--
TELLEE HIM BUSINESS
BEFORE PLEASURE!



MONSIEUR ANDRE,
HERE IS DANGER!
BUT I FEEL SAFE
WITH SUCH A
MAN AS YOU!

ZUT ALORS,
MA'M'SELLE! WIZ
YOU I FEEL AS
STRONG AS ZE
GIANT, BRAVE AS ZE
LION!



YOU HESITATE,
MONSIEUR! IS
IT THAT YOU
ARE AFRAID
TO ENTER HERE?

AFRAID? ENFIN, MA'M'SELLE
YOU SPEAK ZE IMPOSSIBLE!
ONE SIDE! I WILL GO
IN!



WELL DONE!
BIND HIM
SECURELY!



ME SEE! ME
WATCH! YOU
GRABBEH HOLD
ON ANDRE! CHOP
CHOP SAVEE HIM!

THIS LITTLE FOOL IS
ALSO ONE OF THE
BLACKHAWKS! GIVE
HIM THE SAME
TREATMENT!



YOU WAIT!
YOU BE SOLLY,
I BET YOU!

INSIDE
WITH
HIM!



MA FOI, EET EES ZE GRAND WALLOP ON ZE HEAD! WHO DID ZIS THEENG?

LOOK UP, ANDRE! YOU AND I SHOULD REMEMBER EACH OTHER!



BOORN!

CORRECT! YOU'VE SCORED AGAINST MY FRIENDS UP TO NOW... BUT HERE'S WHERE I DO THE SCORING!



BUT YOU ARE DOOMED... ALL OF YOU! EET EES BLACKHAWK HEEMSELF WHO WEEL...

LET BLACKHAWK COME! WE'LL TRAP HIM AS WE TRAPPED YOU!



I WAS JUST IN TIME TO SEE CHOP CHOP DRAGGED INSIDE... OPEN THIS DOOR!



YOU'RE CORNERED IN THERE! OPEN UP, I SAY, OR...

STAND READY TO BLAST OUR INSISTENT FRIEND WHEN HE BARGES IN!



SO IT'S BOORN! I WAS LOOKING FOR YOU...

AND I AWAITED YOU! COME SEIZE HIM, YOU MEN!



OVERWHELM HIM! CONQUER HIM!

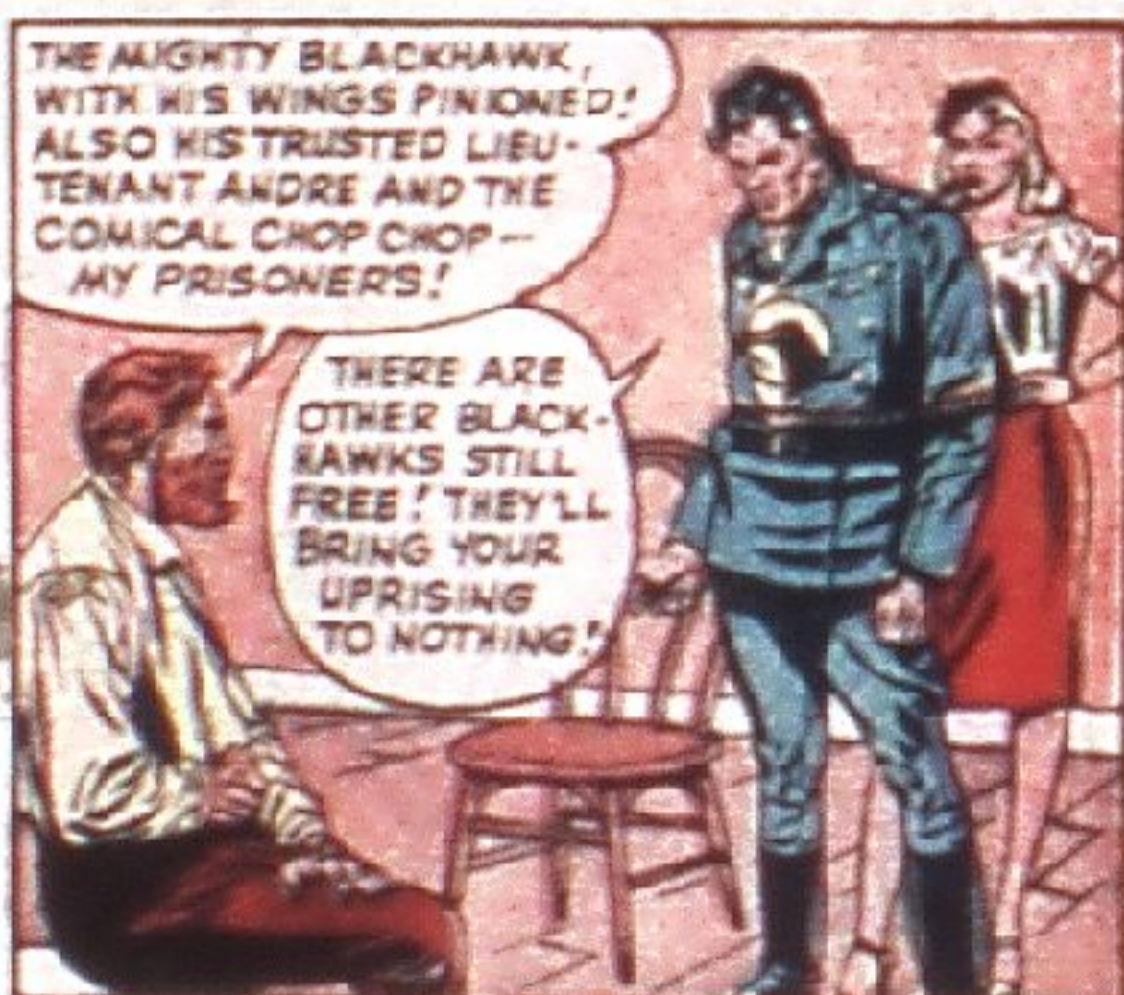


I RECOGNIZE THAT FACE BY THE FEEL OF MY KNUCKLES -- THE FACE OF A SCOUNDREL AND SNEAK!

CAN'T THE PACK OF YOU SUBDUCE ONE MAN? LET ME SHOW YOU!



WELL DONE, DORIA! WHEN HE'S QUIET, MAYBE HE'LL BE INTERESTED IN MY WORDS!



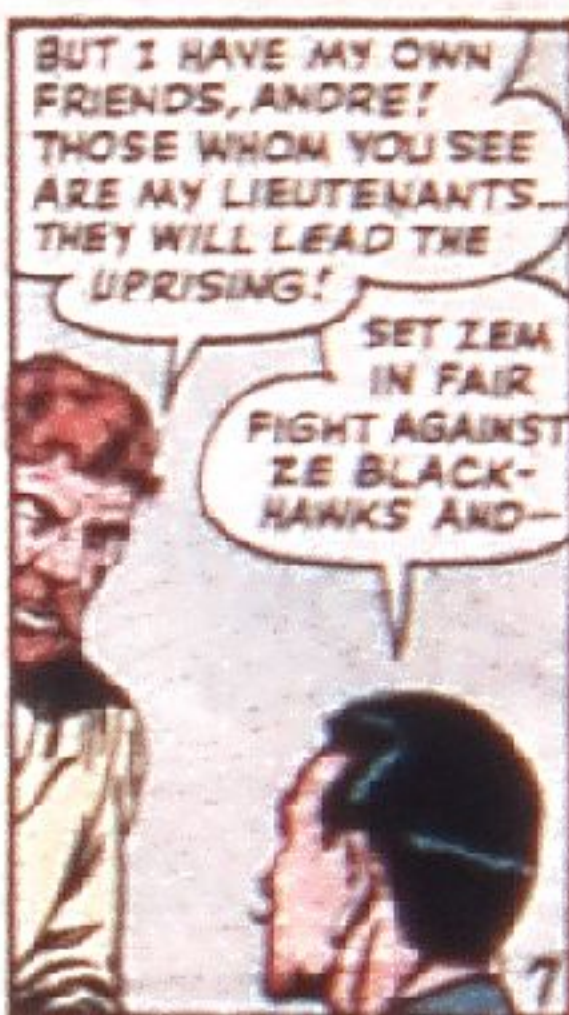
THE MIGHTY BLACKHAWK, WITH HIS WINGS PINIONED! ALSO HIS TRUSTED LIEUTENANT ANDRE AND THE COMICAL CHOP CHOP -- MY PRISONERS!

THERE ARE OTHER BLACKHAWKS STILL FREE! THEY'LL BRING YOUR UPRISING TO NOTHING!



NO! YOUR COMING SPEEDS UP MY PLANS! I'LL PASS THE WORD FOR THE RIOTS TO BEGIN TOMORROW!

OUR FRIENDS WILL NOT REST UNTIL ZEY HAVE SET US FREE!



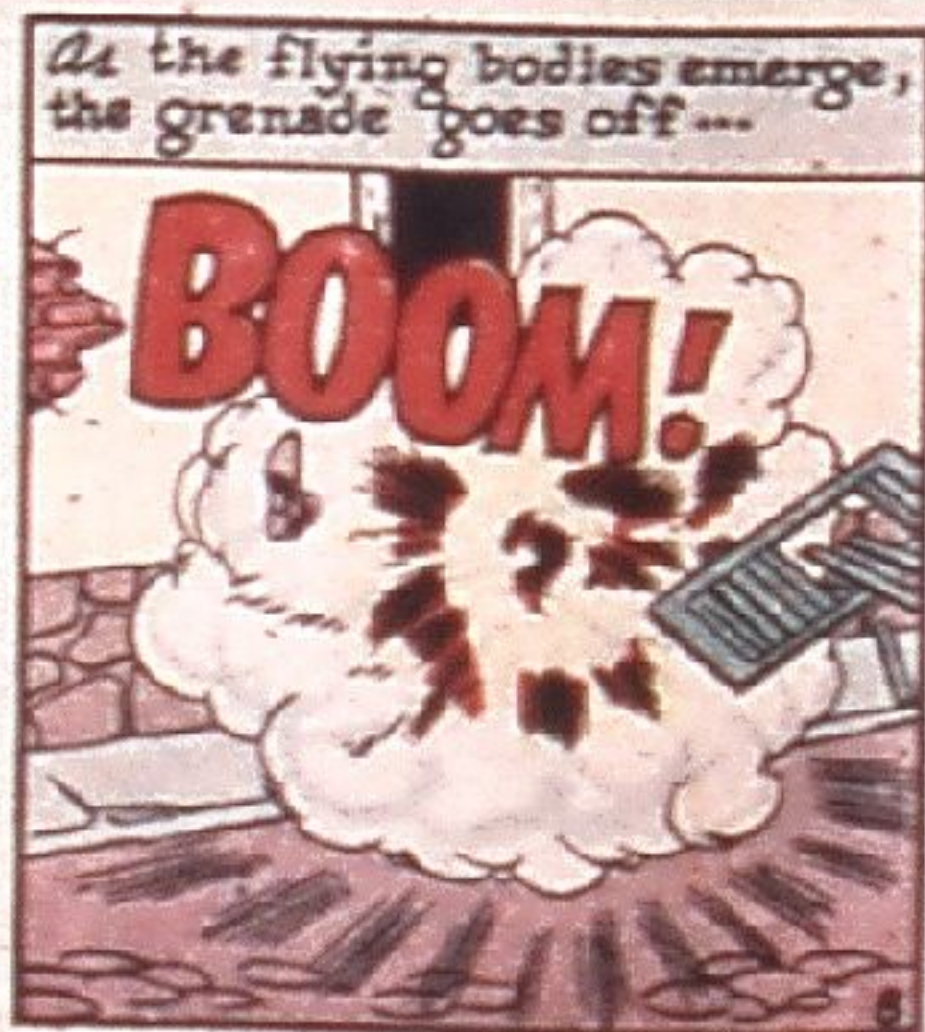
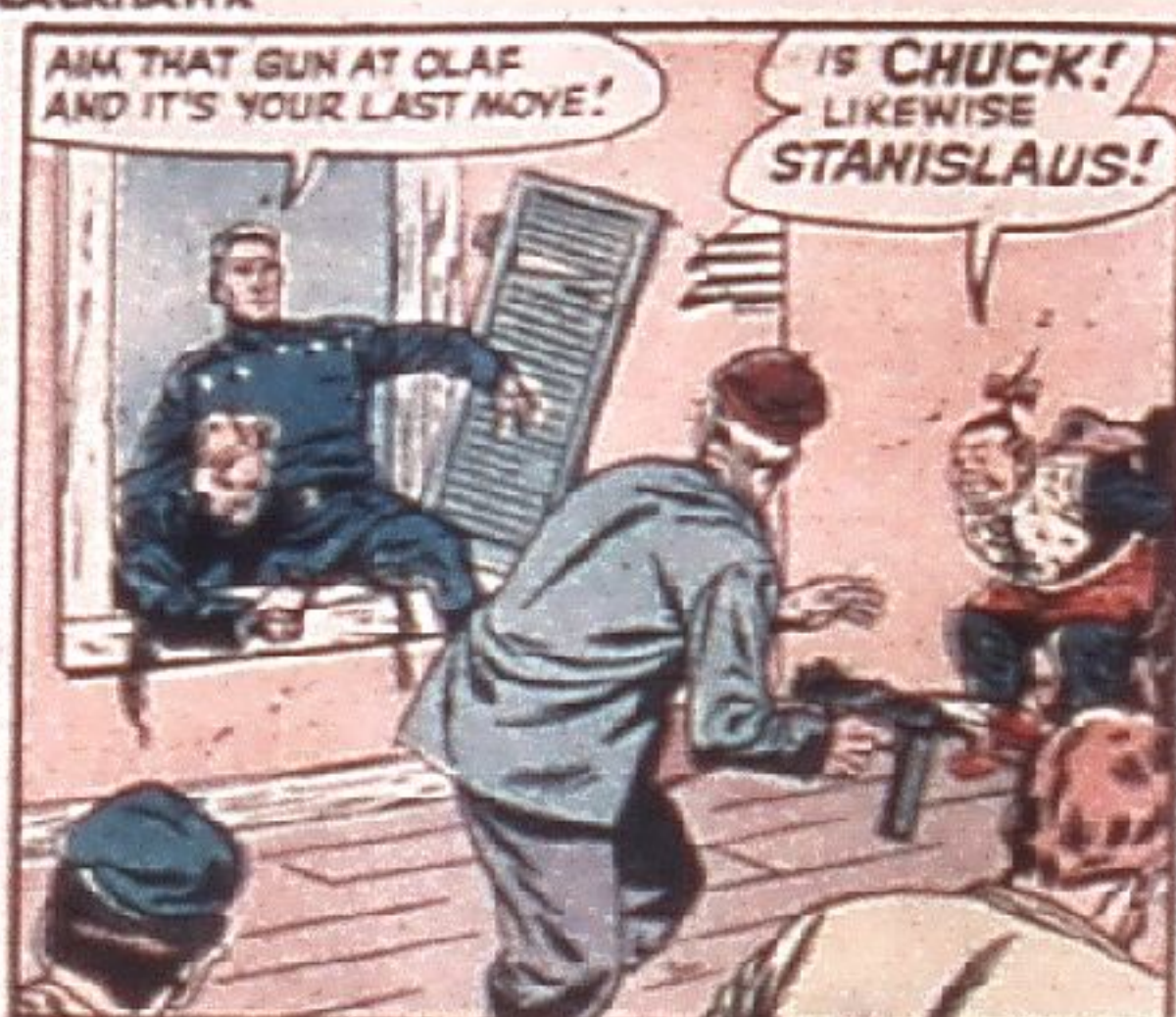
BUT I HAVE MY OWN FRIENDS, ANDRE! THOSE WHOM YOU SEE ARE MY LIEUTENANTS. THEY WILL LEAD THE UPRISING!

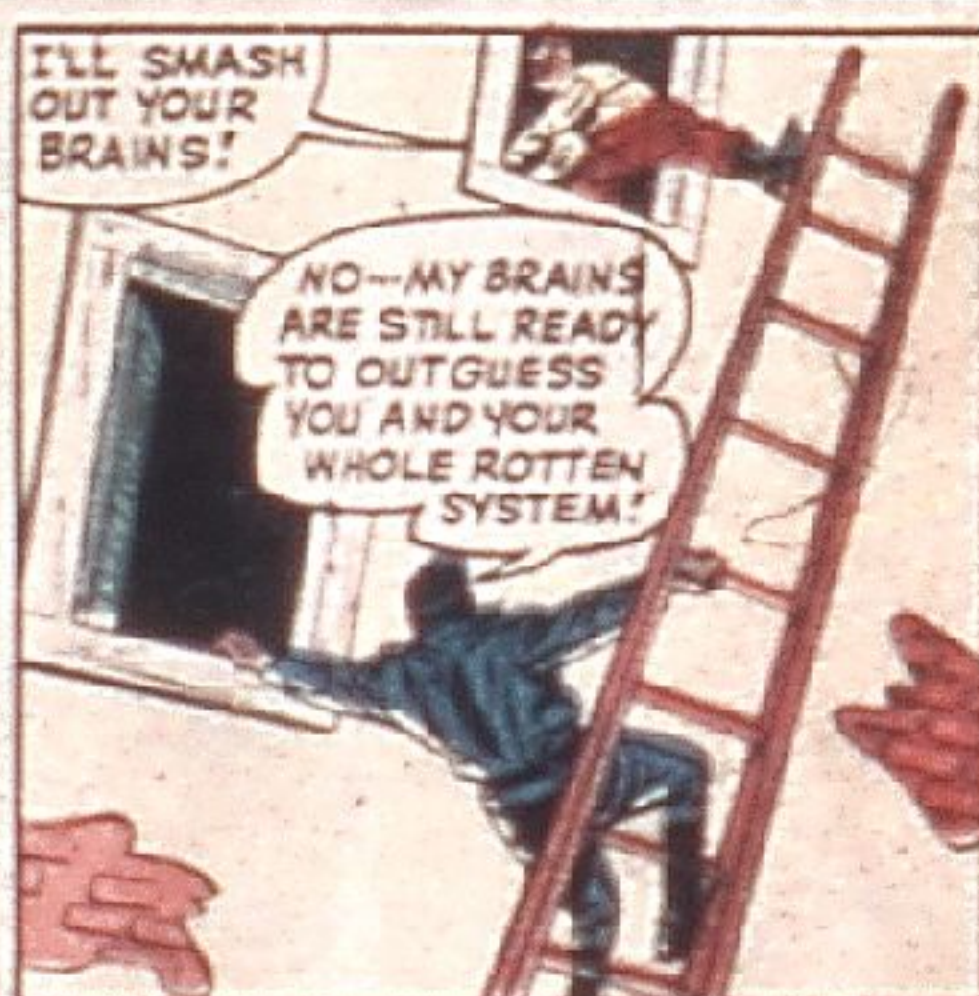
SET THEM IN FAIR FIGHT AGAINST ZE BLACKHAWKS AND--



WHAT'S THIS TALK ABOUT FAIR FIGHTS? ARE WE FOOLS ENOUGH TO GIVE AN ENEMY A CHANCE?

LOOK, BOORN! COMING UP THE STREET!











BLACKHAWK

BLACKHAWK

The terrible craving for power has always led mankind into horrible conflicts that result in ruinous devastation! With the advance of science one man appeared who thought he could control the world without armies... for by pressing a button he could cause as much chaos as any war! And he would have done it had it not been for the fearless action taken by BLACKHAWK and his famous band when they faced that power-crazed scientist, THE GILA!



A quiet night, and the small western town of Richmond has gone to bed.



When...



And as the debris settles---



Shortly after, at BLACKHAWK ISLAND, the news comes over the radio...



... THE MYSTERIOUS BLAST HAS COMPLETELY DEMOLISHED THE TOWN OF RICHMOND! OFFICIALS CAN FIND NO EXPLANATION.

Suddenly...

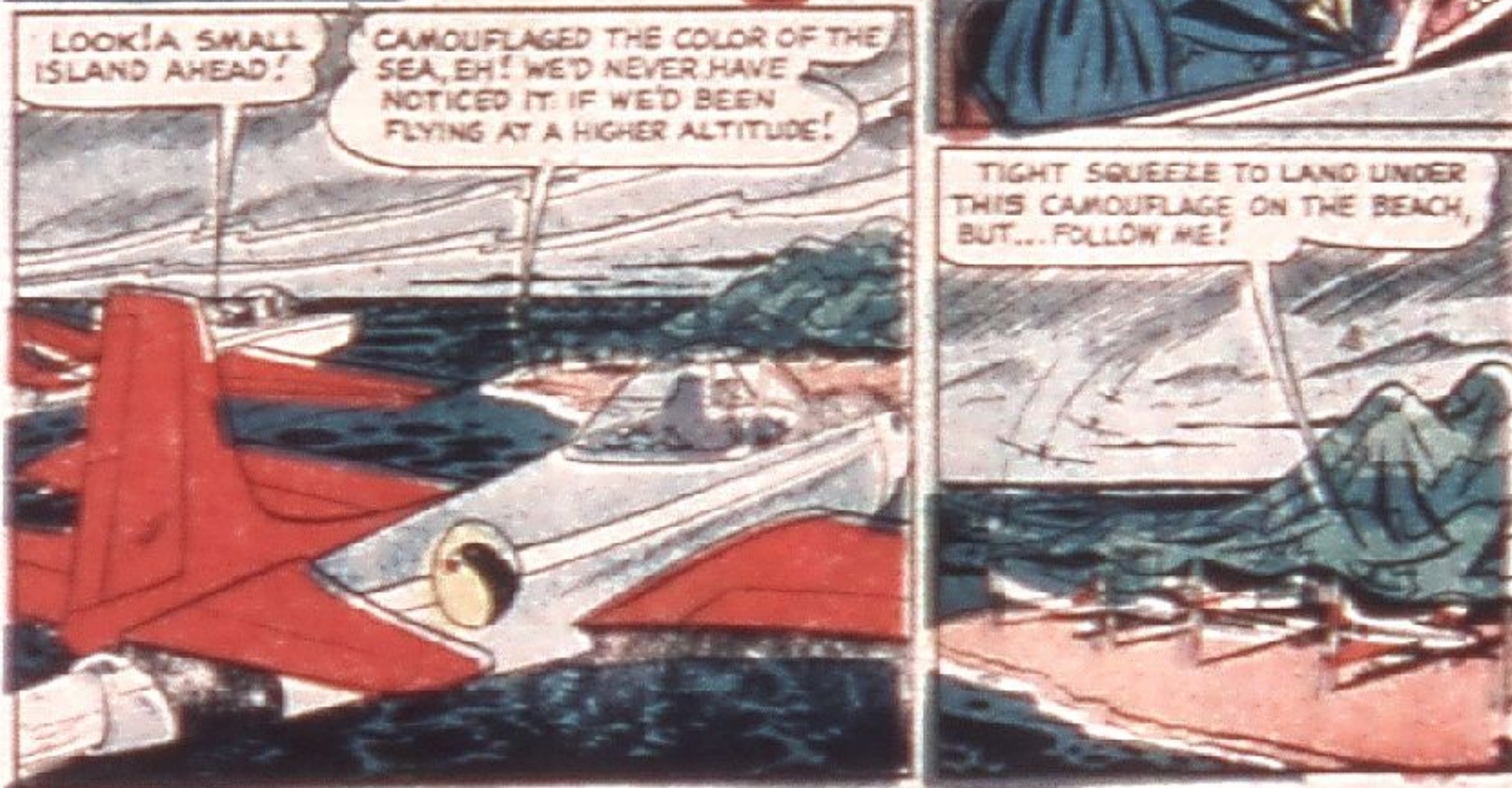
HA! HA! HA! ALLOW ME TO CUT IN ON YOUR WAVE LENGTH! I CAUSED THE EXPLOSION! I, THE GILA... THE NEW RULER OF THE UNIVERSE!

EVERY NIGHT THESE PAST FEW MONTHS, MY PLANES HAVE DROPPED DEEP-BORING PROJECTILES IN STRATEGIC PLACES ALL OVER THE WORLD! THE BOMBS ARE A MILE DEEP IN THE EARTH AND ARE RADIO-CONTROLLED.

IT'S FANTASTIC, BLACKHAWK!

QUICK, CHUCK! USE THE RADIO LOCATOR! LOCATE THAT VOICE!









EACH OF YOU
PICK A MAN!

But the Gila's guards
are alert—

MAKE A MOVE AND YOU ARE ALL DEAD MEN!
MY GUARDS ARE QUICK ON THE DRAW AND
EVEN QUICKER TO SPEED THEIR BULLETS
HOME!

TAKE THEM AWAY AND GET
THE EXECUTION BLOCK READY!
THEY WILL NOT LEAVE HERE
ALIVE!

A few minutes later...

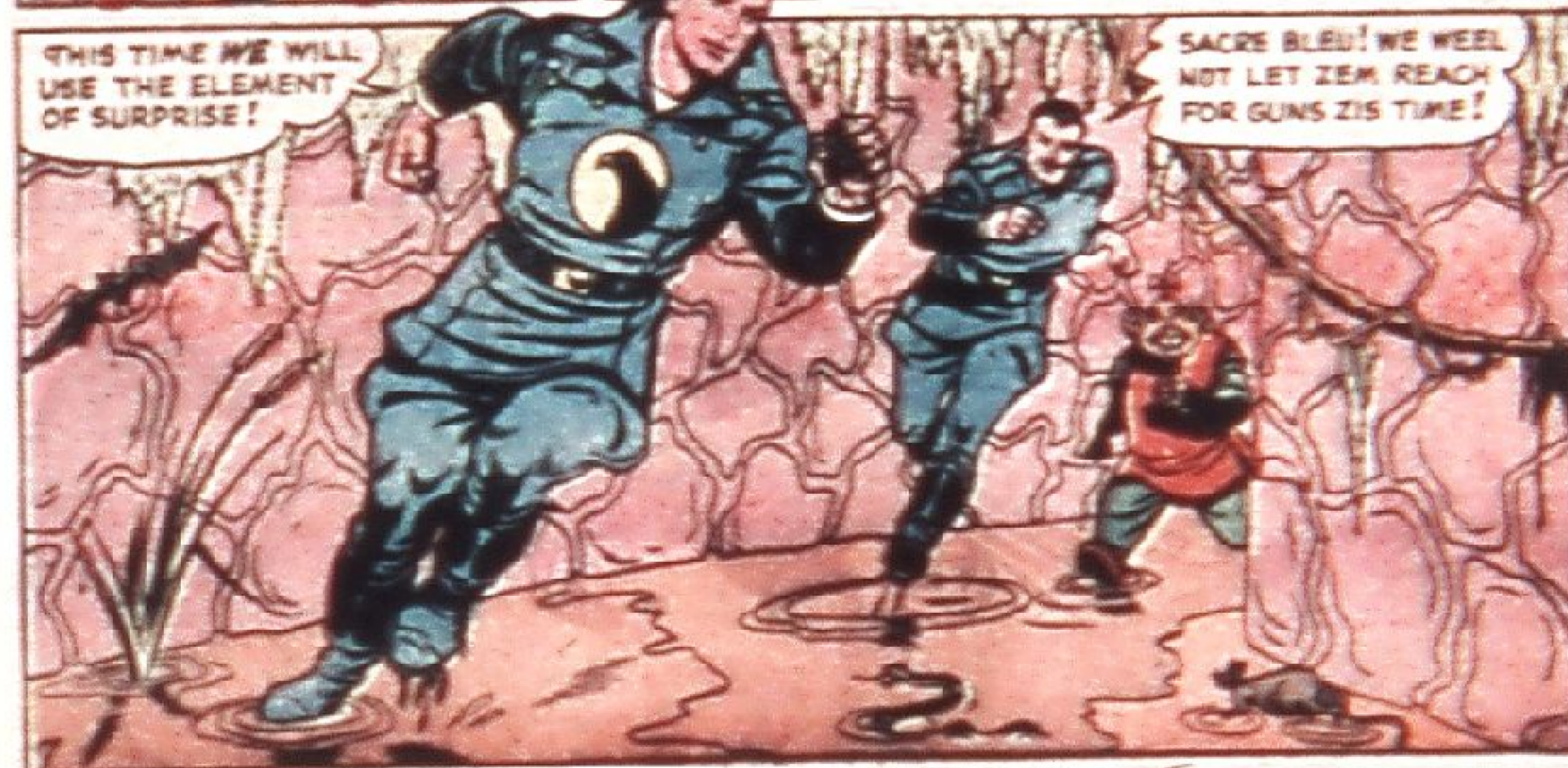
WE SHOULD BE ASHAMED
ZAT ZEY OVERPOWER US
SO QUEECKLY!

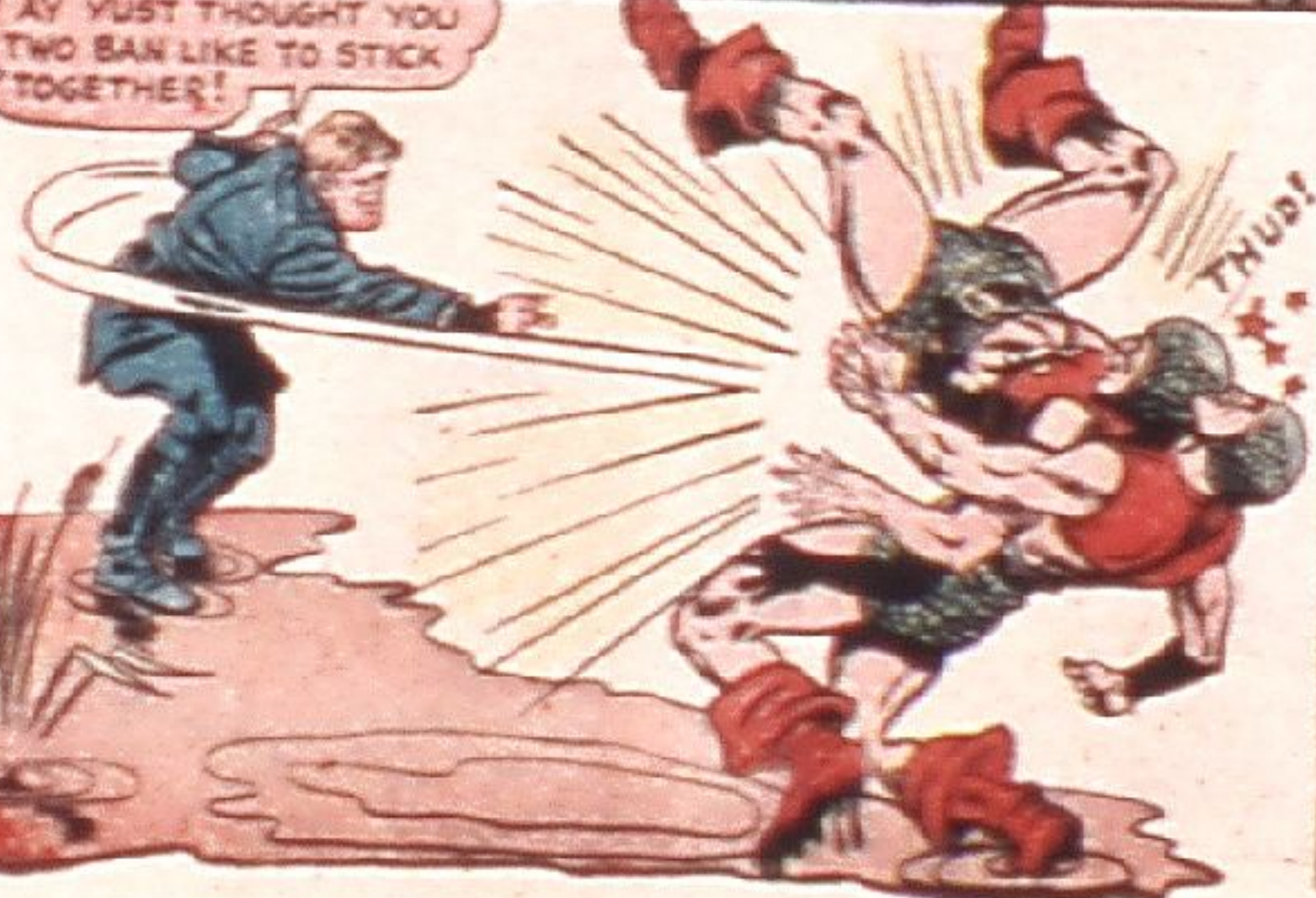
YAH! BUT IT
VAS DER SUR-
PRISE! SUDDENLY
DEY ALL HAF
GUNS READY!

RIGHT,
HENDRICKSON!
SURPRISE IS
THE ONLY
THING THAT
PAYS OFF IN
THIS KIND OF
BUSINESS!

AND THAT GIVES ME AN
IDEA! CHOP CHOP, LET ME
HAVE YOUR JACKET!







HOLA! ZERE
HE EES!

HE'S HEADED FOR THE BOMB-CONTROL
BOARD! WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!

Suddenly—

BLACKHAWK!
STOP! STOP!

WHAT....!

HA! HA! HA! COME
GET ME NOW!

THE GILA HAS JUST
PULLED A SWITCH
WHICH SETS UP AN
ELECTRIC BEAM
EIGHT FEET HIGH
ACROSS THE ROOM!
IF YOU CROSS
THIS BEAM YOU
WILL BE CUT
DOWN BY BULLETS!

MAIS OUI, BUT
HOW DO WE KNOW
ZIS EES NOT A
TRICK!

I'LL PROVE IT
TO YOU! I'LL
CROSS THE
BEAM WITH
THIS POLE!

RATAT-TAT!
RATAT-TAT!







BLACKHAWK

CHOP CHOP

SO, HA! YOU'VE SEEN... CHOP CHOP
IS LION AMONG LADIES AND
TIGER AMONG MEN!



Even the great heroes of the
world must relax....

BLACKHAWKS MAKE HOLIDAY IN BIG
TOWN! CHOP CHOP FIXEE LOOK SHARP...

GO CHINATOWN--- SEE
LILY FOO, MY NUMBER-
ONE SWEETIE GIRL---
IN THIS PART OF
WORLD!









YOU LETTEE GO,
OR ME KNOCKEE
YOU LOOSE FROM
WHISKER!

ME WANTEE DO
LITTLE FRIEND
BIG FAVOR--ME
DO SPITE OF HIM!



THERE... NOBLE, FAMOUS,
GHASTLY NO FANG! HUM-
STOPPEE ARGUE WITH US!

SUM YAM SUPPLY CONVINC-
ING FEMININE TOUCH! NOW
TIE PATIENT TO CHAIR--ME
START GREAT EXPERIMENT!



OH! CHOP
CHOP MAKEE
SLEEP-- HAVEE
BAD NIGHTMARE--
GLAD WAKEE UP
BEFORE TOO LATE!

WELCOME
BACK TO LAND
OF LIVING,
CHOP CHOP!
TOO BAD
YOU NO STAY
LONG!

ME NO STAY
LONG? YOU
MEAN, YOU
LETTEE ME
GO?

NO! NO FANG
MEAN, YOU DIE
PLENTY QUICK.
NO FANG IS
MAD SCIENTIST--
MAD AT YOU...
AT WORLD...
EVERYTHING!

IS MAKEE BAD POISON FOR
KOLLEE ALL PEOPLE IN CHINA-
TOWN! WANTEE SEE HOW WORK!
USE YOU FOR TEST!



WONG MUST
GO SO SOON?

While these dreadful events occur,
farewells are said not far away...

IS BUSINESS BEFORE
PLEASURE, LILY FOOT ME
NOW GOTTEE FIRST-CLASS
JOB-- SELLEE BLUSHES
FOR DO HOUSYWORK!



CALL ON TENANTS HERE!
SELLEE PLENTY BLUSH--
MAKEE HEAP MONEY--
TAKEE LILY FOOT TO SHOW--
MAKEE DANCE-- EATEE
BIG DINNER!

While, at that moment...

NOW FOR MAKEE
MASTERPIECE
EXPERIMENT ON
VICTIM!

HOLDEE OFF... HANDSOME,
KINGLY, HORRIFYING WO FANG,
YOU-ALL! FOOTEE PRINTS
MAKEE NOISE ON STEPS
COME DOWN--IS VISITOR!

IS WANTEE
SOMETHING,
TALL, DARK
AND UN-
LUCKY?

WANTEE SPEAK
WITH LADY OF
HOUSE! ME
HIGH-CLASS
AGENT OF K-B
BLUSHES---
HELPEE DO ALL
WORK LIKE
PLAY---



LOOKEE SEE!
MAKEE TOUCH ON
HANDLE SWITCH,
BLUSH MAKEE
WHIRL ROUND,
WORKEE GOOD

SUM
YAM!
BRINGEE
BLUSH
FELLOW
INSIDE!

YIPE! ME KNOW HIM... IS
DREADFUL, SCAREFUL, MAD
SCIENTIST, WO FANG!

YOU SPEAK TRUTH!
ME NEED **NUMBER-
TWO VICTIM**--YOU ARE
MAN MOST LIKELY TO
WIN HONOR!



NO! I CONKEE
YOU--GETTEE
FREE--

IS NO GOOD! LONG TIME BACK,
WO FANG MAKEE STLONG
MEDICINE! NO CAN HURT
ILLUSTRIOUS WO FANG!

MAKEE TOO MUCH FUSS! WO
FANG SHOOTEE IN ARM--
POISON KILL FAST!





HERE, WO FANG!
TRY ON CHIN
WHISKER!

OOOOWWWW!
IS TICKLE—
TERRIBLE,
AWFUL!

NO STAND TICKLE—
HEY!

WAITEE UP FOR MORE
TREATMENT!



HO, HO, HO, HO! CEASE!
DESIST! DO NO MORE!

LOUD NOISE DISTURB
CHINATOWN PEACE!
SEND CALL POLICE!

POLICE
HERE! LET
FIND OUT!

YOU LIKEE
FOOT SCRATCH,
YES?



POLICE COME—GOOD!
SAVE FACE AND FOOT
FROM FIEND!

SO! IS ABOMINABLE, LAW-
BREAKING, ROBBING, MURDER-
ING WO FANG! CHINATOWN
POLICE WANT BAD FOR PUT
IN JAIL!

THIS PLACE TOO HOT FOR SUM
YAM! GO BACK TO HOME PLAN-
TATION IN SOUTH CHINA—EAT CORN-
PONE, SING CHINA HILLBILLY SONG,
MARRY SOUTH CHINA COLONEL!





WHA---WHA---
WHAT?

IS SUM YAM! GOTTEE
LONG POLICE RECORD!
GO JAIL, PLENTY QUICK!

IS ALL
SETTLE?

CHOP CHOP CHINATOWN MAJOR
LOOKEE FOR YOU! GO TALKKEE
HIM!



Later...
CHINATOWN PROUD
OF BRAVE CHOP
CHOP! HE MAJOR---
GIVEE YOU MEDAL
FOR CATCHEE BAD
MAD SCIENTIST!

WAS
NOTHING,
HONORABLE
MAJOR!
CHOP CHOP
LEARN MANY
TRICKS FROM
BLACKHAWKS!



WAIT! UNFINISH
BLUSINESS! CHOP
CHOP BREAKKEE
HEART OVER LILY
FOO--- STILL
WANTEE KILL
SELF!

CHOP
CHOP! I
HUNTEE
YOU EVERY
PLACE!



I ONLY
MAKEE FUN!
HAVEE DATE
WITH RIVAL
WONG GEE,
TO MAKEE
YOU JEALOUS!

ONLY DO FOR
MAKEE ME
JEALOUS? SO,
LOVEE ME BIG
STRONG! CHOP
CHOP BIG THROB
IN HEART BE-
LONG LILY FOO!



NO LOOKEE NOW--- BUT WONG
GEE OUTSIDE, GETTEE MAD FOR
SEE YOU WITH ME!

WONG GEE! WHO HE? LILY
FOO FORGET ALL BUT
CHOP CHOP!

PLEASE
NO
SMOKING

BANG BONG
JALIL BANG
CLANG
WHANG

PIRACY, MODERN STYLE

OLAF, the Scandinavian member of the Blackhawk crew, stretched and flexed his long arms with a tremendous yawn. "Ya, I tank it's a sleepy day," he murmured drowsily.

The other Blackhawks nodded agreement. Yes, it could be considered a sleepy day—if one were accustomed to finding himself cruising thousands of feet above blue Southern waters in a giant aircraft. The Blackhawks were so accustomed. They had come out to test a new device recently installed on the plane. Now they were relieving the monotony by cruising around before returning to Blackhawk Island—just as you and I might go for a Sunday spin in the car over familiar back roads. To the Blackhawks, whose days were filled with the never-ending chase of evil-doers all over the world, such a peaceful flight meant no more than killing time.

When Blackhawk himself spotted a ship below on the surface of the sea, most of the other men didn't bother to look out at it. Ships were certainly a familiar sight. It wasn't until Chuck, the American, felt by the motion of the plane that Blackhawk was circling back for another look, that he, too, peered downward.

"Something interesting?" Chuck asked.

"Yes," Blackhawk nodded. "Smoke."

Smoke! The rest of the men straightened up in a hurry and looked down at the ship. Fire at sea was a dangerous thing. Then they looked puzzled. The only smoke visible was coming, as it should, from the vessel's smokestacks.

"Ah, yes!" exclaimed the French Andre. "Smoke eet ees—from ee smokestacks of a coal-burning freighter, from ee look of eet. Zen, as ee Americans say—so what?"

"Here iss funny!" said Hendrickson, the mustachioed Dutchman. "Smoke from one

stack rises straight up. Smoke from de oder comes in puffs like cigar-smoker!"

Stanislaus, the Balkan, who was navigating, had been examining his charts. Now he spoke. "We're not over the regular shipping lanes. Maybe the ship is off her course?"

"Smoke is signals, mebbe-so?" piped up little Chop Chop, the Oriental.

"Bright boy, Chop!" Blackhawk exclaimed.

By now, attracted by the noise of the plane, men had appeared on the decks of the ship. When Blackhawk dipped the wings of the plane in salute, they waved in casual recognition, but with no attempt at signalling or indications of distress. Yet the black smoke still continued to come out puff—puff—puff. Then a long, uninterrupted plume. Then again the puffs.

"Three gunshots . . ." Blackhawk said thoughtfully. "Three shouts . . . three puffs of smoke . . . they're universal distress signals, men. But as low as we've dropped, those men on deck could certainly make it known to us if they wanted help. What do you think?"

"If we were down there," Chuck said, "it might be worth investigating. But we can't set this crate down in the middle of the ocean."

"No," Blackhawk agreed, "not in the middle of the ocean." And he swung the plane back on its course and flew away at top speed, leaving the vessel far behind on the horizon.

On the top deck of the ship, two men were standing. One of them, with powerful glasses, watched the plane wing out of sight. "They were pretty curious about us," he said. "Think they're suspicious?"

"Don't know," replied the other. "Probably just surprised at seeing a ship down in these waters—but we'll take no chances. Change our course at once."

BLACKHAWK

Below, in the ship's hold, a group of men had been standing with their faces tilted upward. All they could see was the black ceiling of their cramped quarters, but they had followed the sound of the plane's motors as if they could see into the skies. For a moment hope flamed within them. Then as they heard the motors die away into the distance, they sank back, heads lowered, into attitudes of hopeless dejection.

In the ship's galley, a figure coughed and choked, tears streaming from his eyes in the thick black smoke that filled the small quarters. As the sound of the plane faded, he rushed to open the door to breathe fresh air once more. Had the plane noted his signals as he stood beside his stove, turning the damper control to send the smoke first up the stack in a puff, then out into the room? He had no way of knowing.

The ship "Industrious" had set sail a week before for an apparently uneventful voyage, carrying non-perishable food stuffs to the hungry European people. But three days at sea a carefully laid plot had unfolded. In a surprise attack part of the crew had mutinied, seizing control of the vessel. With the ship's officers and the loyal crew members made captive, they now sailed for a secret destination where the cargo would be unloaded. In these times of world food shortages, the precious foodstuffs could be sold through black market channels at exorbitant prices, enriching the criminals who had taken part in the enterprise.

The ship's cook was the only loyal crew member left at large. The pirates wanted to eat well—and they didn't see how the cook could do them any harm as long as they confined him to the kitchen. The cook had racked his brain for ideas. The only weapon left to him was his kitchen stove, so he had done what he could with that.

The afternoon wore on and neither planes nor ships were sighted. The men confined to the hold grew despondent. The cook gave up his faint hope that his smoke signals had been spotted. Darkness fell and he prepared dinner for the evening mess. Then he busied himself cleaning his kitchen.

He had his back turned when the outside door opened slightly and a silent figure slipped inside. Then he turned—and gasped in fright at the sight of a stranger in a blue uniform.

"Sh-sh!" whispered Blackhawk—for it was he. "We got your signal for help. What goes on?"

Hastily the cook poured out the story of the mutiny. "Are you alone?" he asked dubiously.

"Blackhawks don't travel alone. Don't worry—we'll help you." With a smile Blackhawk was gone again, disappearing into the darkness.

The mutineers, believing themselves hundreds of miles from danger, were relaxed and off their guard. Out of the darkness came a cry, feared by evil-doers the world over. "Hawk-as-a!" The Blackhawks had attacked.

The battle was brief. Striking at the key men, the Blackhawks soon had the ship under control. They released the prisoners from the hold, and replaced them with the pirates, who would stand trial for mutiny when the ship reached port.

To the ship's captain and the freed crew members, Blackhawk explained how they had been saved by the resourcefulness of the cook.

"We couldn't land at sea," he said, "so we flew to a near-by island. We borrowed a native craft, and followed the ship, waiting for darkness to approach. Since the men we saw on deck had made no move to signal to us this afternoon, we figured that it wasn't they who wanted help—and it seemed logical to go direct to the source of the signals—the galley!

"Once we learned the truth, we were able to make a surprise attack which succeeded. And now, Captain, we return the control of the ship where it belongs—to you!"

The grateful men cheered the seven Blackhawks to the skies. Calls for help come to the Blackhawks in many strange ways, but always they are answered.

BLACKHAWK

BLACKHAWK



PIRACY... a word associated with cocked hats and sailing ships of bygone days—until Captain HARPY and his fantastic crew appeared!

A clever man was Captain Harpy—but not quite clever enough to cope with the **BLACKHAWKS!** From their secret headquarters they struck back...to clear the shipping lanes of a twentieth-century sea rover and his diabolical schemes!

As the good ship "Lamont Brown" plows through the balmy tropical ocean...

A FINE CLEAR NIGHT, CAPTAIN MULVANE!

MAYBE SO, MR. GRIMES — BUT I'M WORRIED!

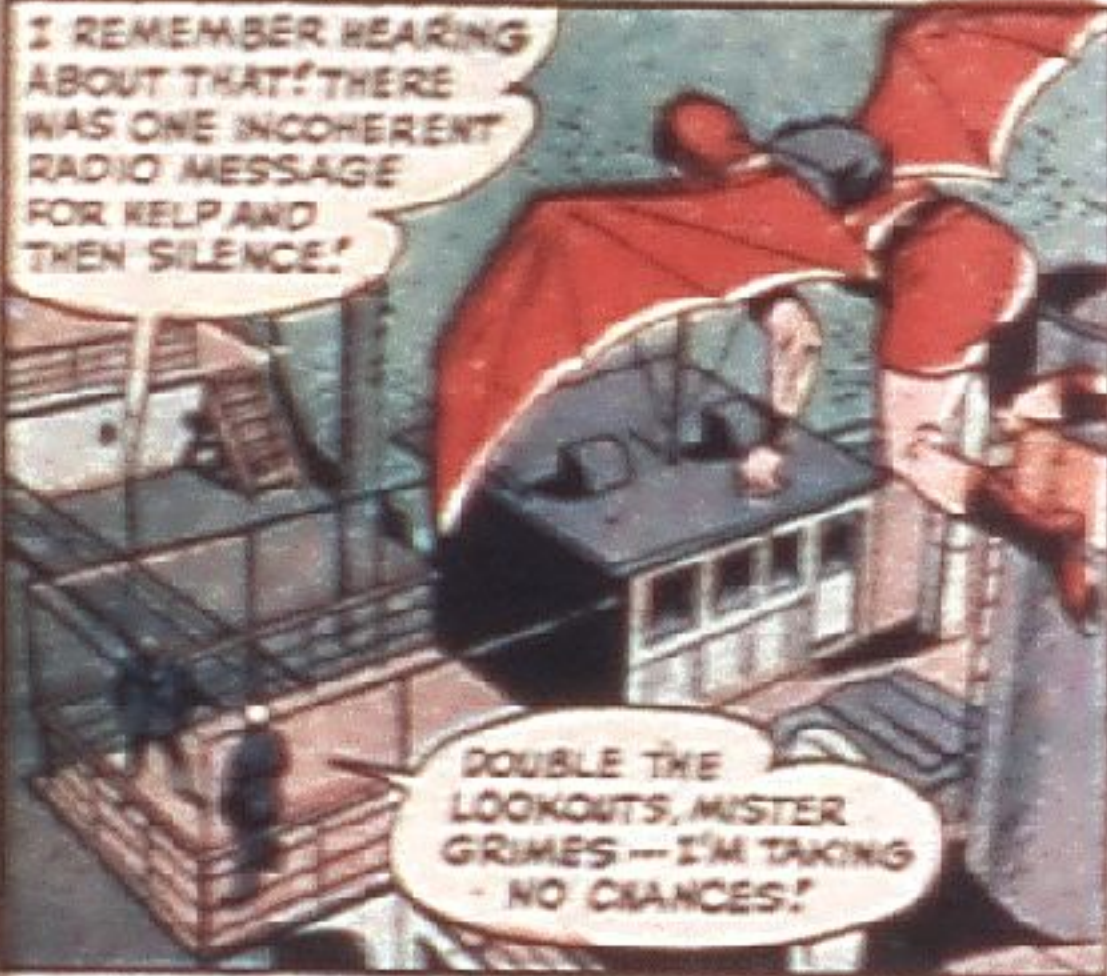


BUT THE WEATHER'S CLEAR AND WE'RE AHEAD OF SCHEDULE, CAPTAIN!

THE FREIGHTER "GERTRUDE SHAW" WENT DOWN LAST WEEK ON A NIGHT AS CLEAR AS THIS — IN THESE SAME LATITUDES!



I REMEMBER HEARING ABOUT THAT! THERE WAS ONE INCOHERENT RADIO MESSAGE FOR HELP AND THEN SILENCE!



DOUBLE THE LOOKOUTS, MISTER GRIMES — I'M TAKING NO CHANCES!

A YE, A YE, SIR!

I'LL FEEL BETTER WHEN WE REACH PORT!



HELP! WE'RE BEING ATTACKED BY DEMONS!

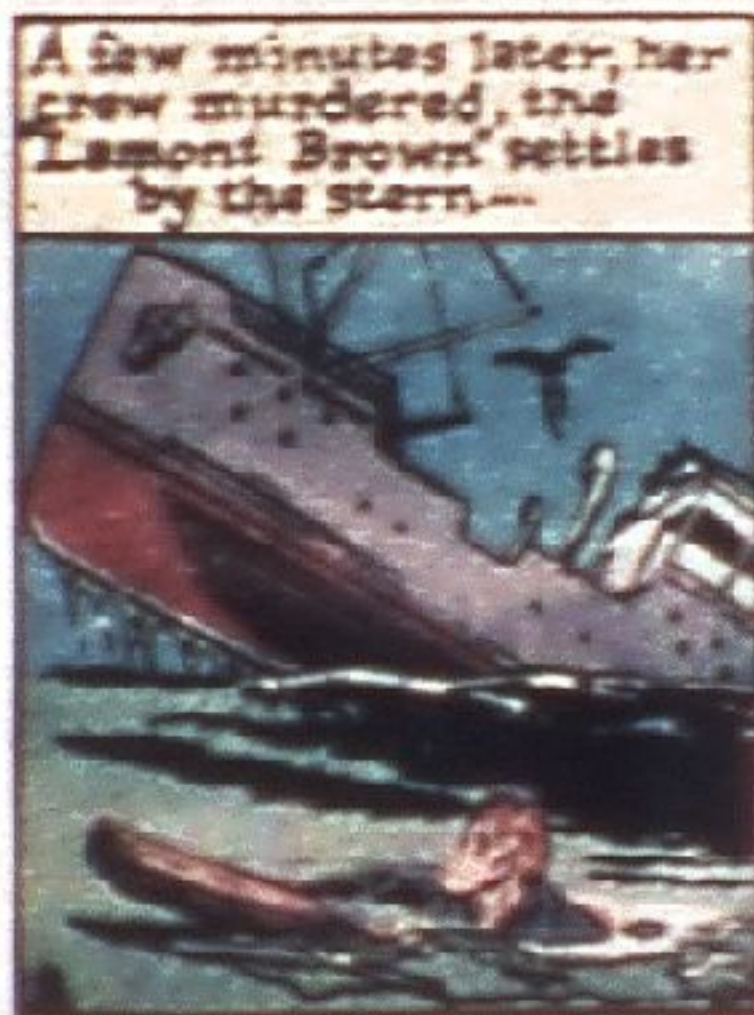
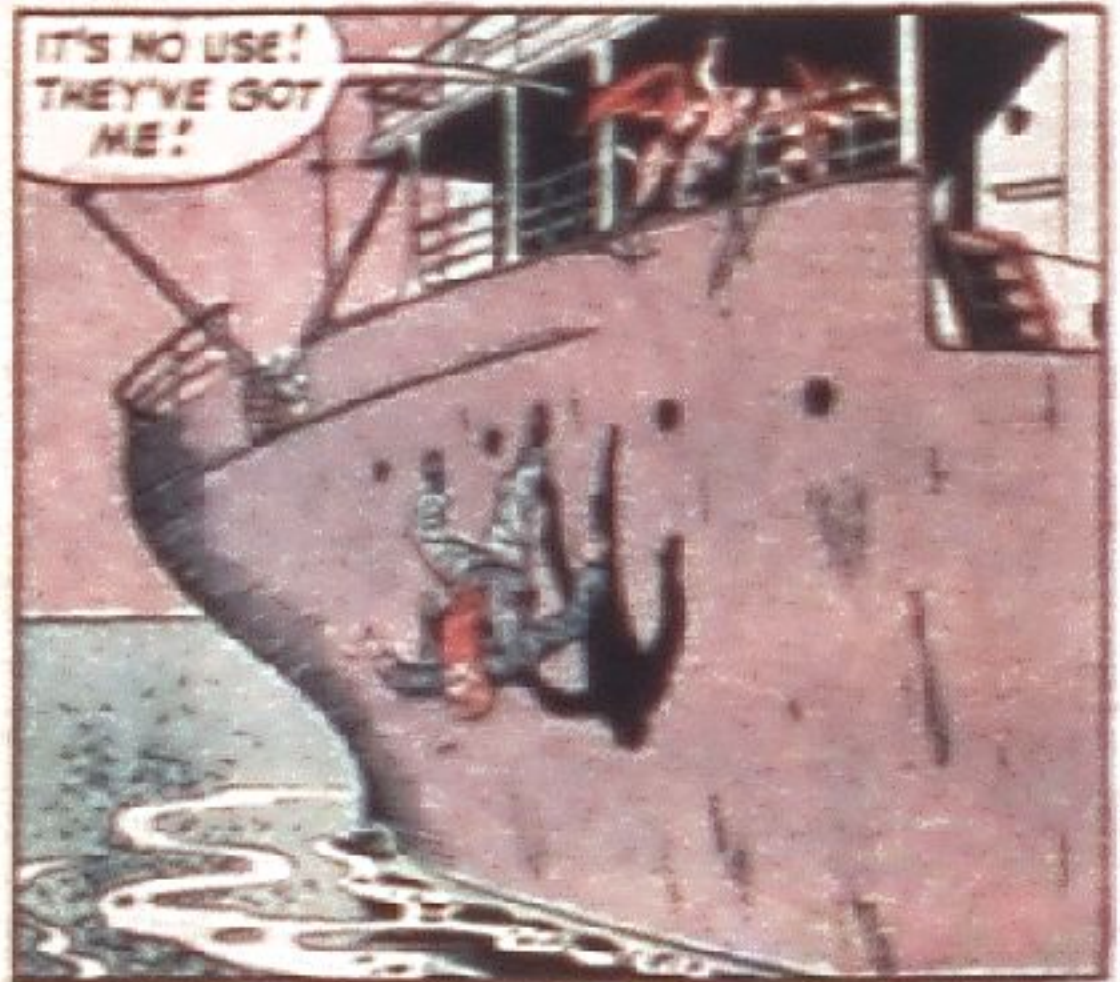
WHAT THE — ? MEN WITH WINGS!

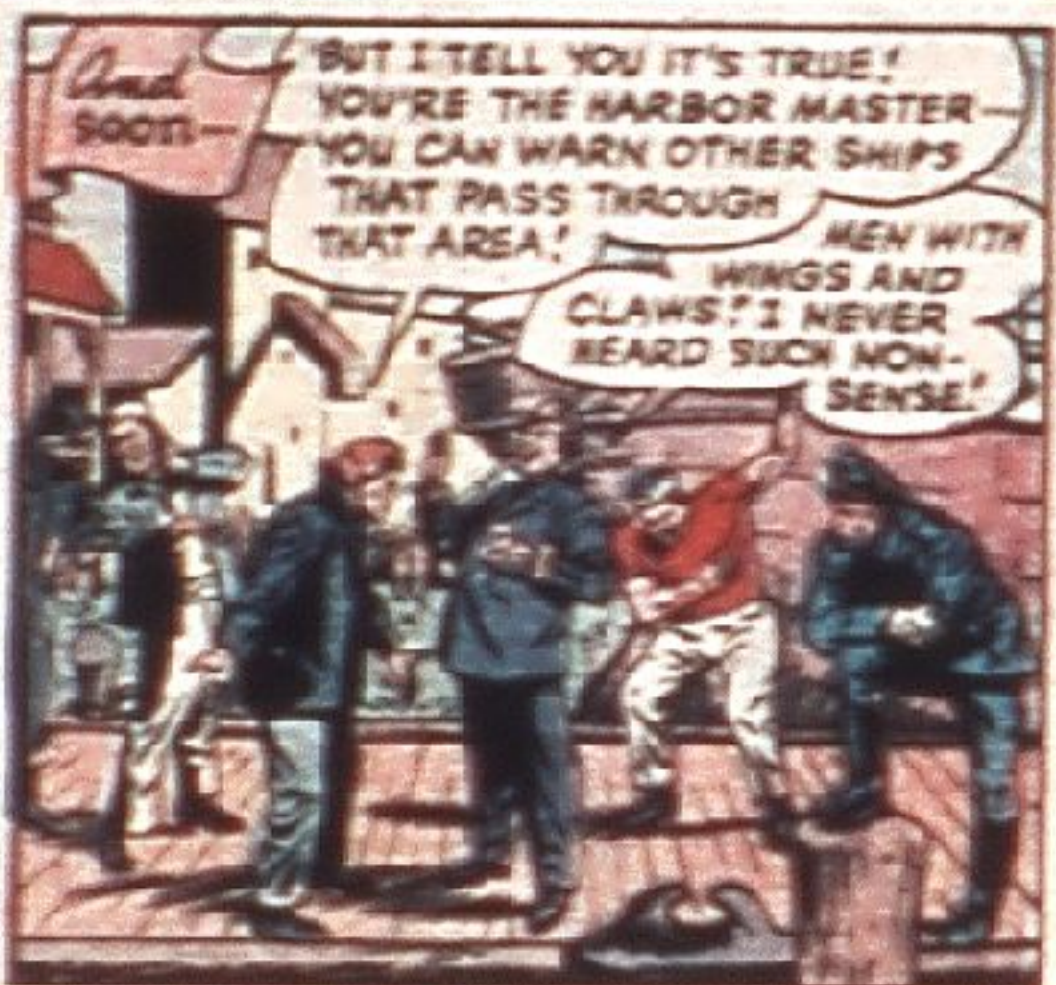
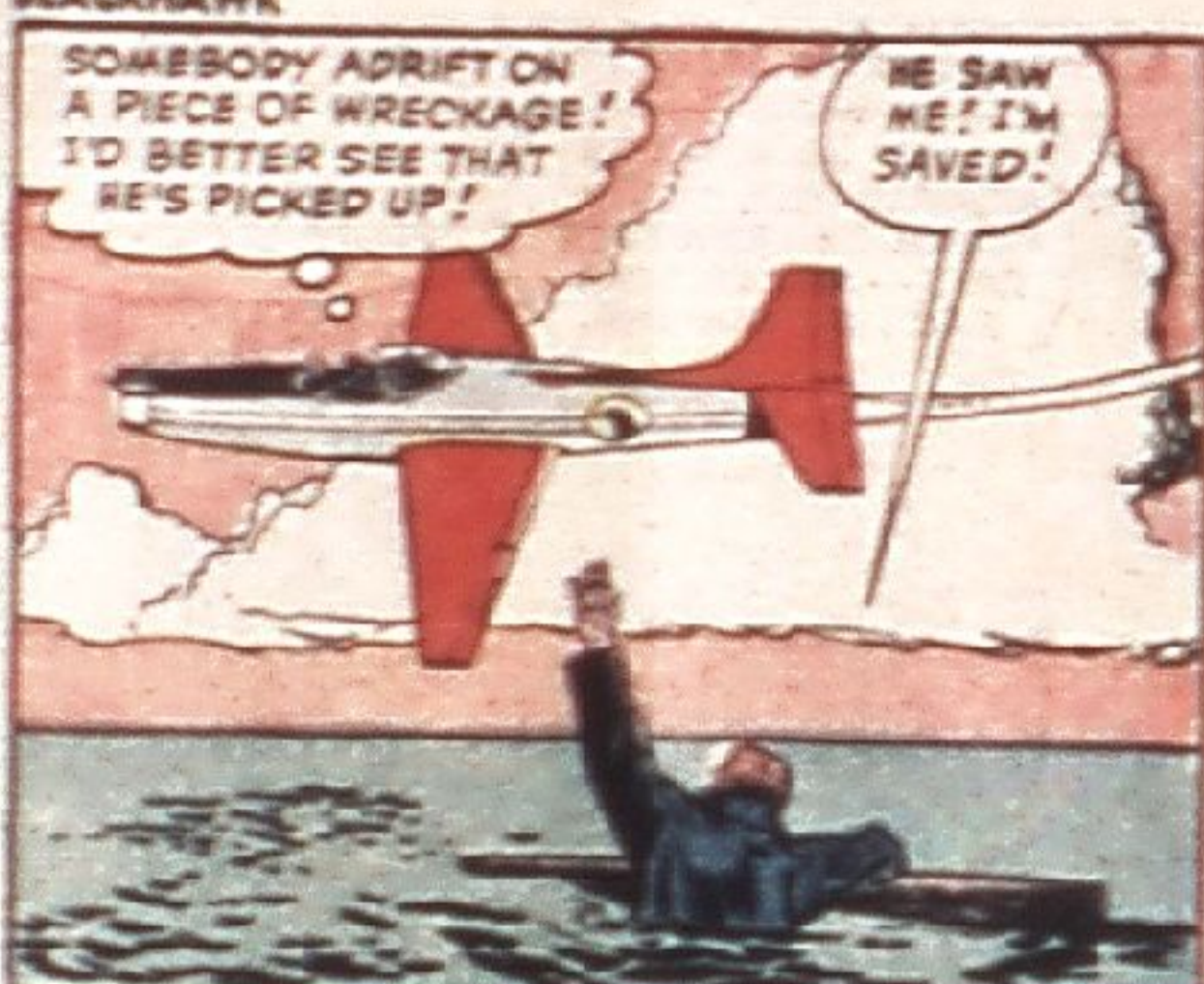


I'LL HELP YOU, CAPTAIN!

IT'S HOPELESS! NEVER MIND ME — TELL SPARKS TO SEND OUT AN S.O.S.!







A few minutes later, in a near-by hotel --



AK, BON JOUR, CHUCK MON AMI! WE HAVE PATROL ZE OCEAN FOR DAYS -- AND NOTHING EXCITING HAPPENS, EH?

WAIT TILL YOU HEAR THIS MAN'S STORY, ANDRE, BEFORE YOU SAY THAT!

Soon --

--AND THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED! I SWEAR IT'S TRUE, BUT NOBODY WILL BELIEVE ME

IT DOES SOUND INCREDIBLE -- EXCEPT FOR ONE THING!



A WEEK AGO THE "GERTRUDE SHAW" WENT DOWN WITH ALL HANDS IN NEARLY THE SAME LATITUDE! BOTH SHIPS WERE CARRYING CONSIGNMENTS OF PRECIOUS STONES FROM AUSTRALIA TO AMERICA!

THERE BAN DIRTY WORK, BY YIMMINY, OR MY NAME NOT BAN OLAF!

BEFORE THE "GERTRUDE SHAW" SANK SHE SENT A MYSTERIOUS S.O.S. -- SAYING SHE WAS BEING ATTACKED BY WINGED CREATURES!

ZEN ZE STORY OF GRIMES EES CORROBORATED! LET'S GO!

THE TROUBLE IS, WE'VE FLOWN OVER THAT SAME STRETCH OF OCEAN A HUNDRED TIMES -- AND SEEN NOTHING! RIGHT, HENDRICKSON?

I HAF AN IDEA, BLACKHAWK! LET US CHARTER A SHIP AND USE IT AS BAIT!



HERE'S CAPTAIN TUTTLE! WE'RE OLD SHIPMATES -- YOU CAN CHARTER HIS SHIP!

JUST THE MAN WE WANT!



Later that day --

WE APPRECIATE YOUR HELP, CAPTAIN TUTTLE -- ESPECIALLY THE ALTERATIONS YOU ALLOWED US TO MAKE ON YOUR SHIP!



GLAD TO HELP, BLACKHAWK! I HAD A COUPLE OF SHIPMATES ON THE "LAMONT BROWN" -- WE'LL SOON BE NEAR WHERE SHE SANK!

BLACKHAWK

THIS IS THE RIGHT PLACE... AND NEARLY THE SAME TIME! BUT EVERYTHING'S AS QUIET AS---

YOU'RE WRONG, TUTTLE! LOOK!

PREPARE TO REPEL BOARDERS!

WE PLAYED OUR HUNCH RIGHT... NOW WE CAN FIGHT THEM IN THE AIR!

GET YOUR PLANES ALOFT... FAST!

THIS HANGAR WE BUILT ON THE DECK WAS A GOOD IDEA, BLACKHAWK! I JUST HOPE THOSE LAUNCHING ROCKETS WILL SHOOT US CLEAR!

PLANES! WE'VE BEEN TRICKED!

IT'S TIME ZEY HAVE MET ZEIR MATCH!

THEY'RE TOO QUICK FOR US TO LINE THEM UP IN OUR GUN-SIGHTS--TRY TO CATCH THEM IN YOUR EXHAUSTS!

ROGER!

JUST LIKE ICARUS, THEY FLEW TOO CLOSE TO THE SUN!

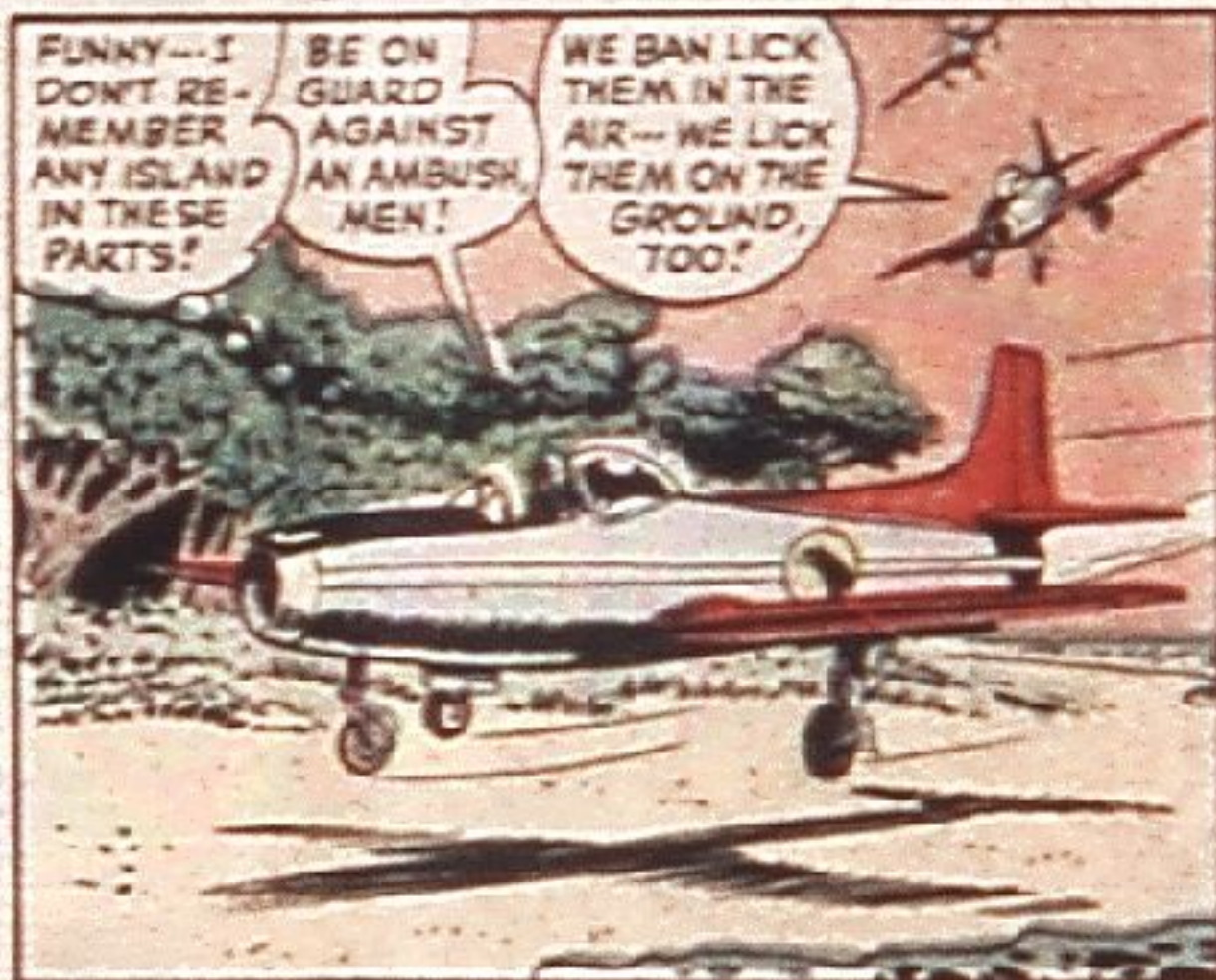
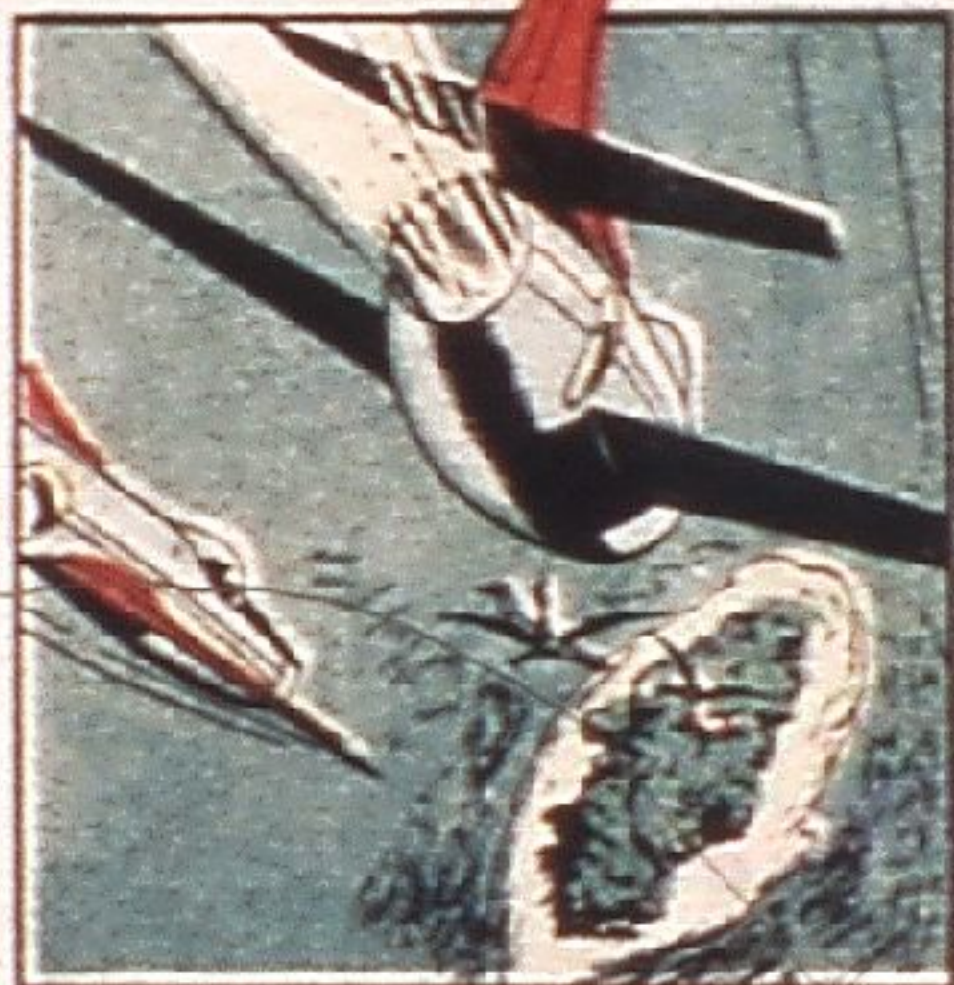


WE'RE
BEATEN...
BACK TO HEAD-
QUARTERS!



AFTER THEM--
LET'S FIND
THEIR HIDE-OUT!

WE BAN GOT
THEM ON THE
RUN, BY
YIMMINY!



FUNKY...I
DONT RE-
MEMBER
ANY ISLAND
IN THESE
PARTS!

BE ON
GUARD
AGAINST
AN AMBUSH,
MEN!

WE BAN LICK
THEM IN THE
AIR-- WE LICK
THEM ON THE
GROUND,
TOO!

On the mystery island...

WE SHOULDN'T HAVE
LET THEM SPOT THE
ISLAND, CAPTAIN
HARPY, SIR!

YOU'RE
WRONG, GAUNT!
NOW THAT THEY'RE
LANDING, WE'LL MAKE
THEM OUR
PRISONERS!



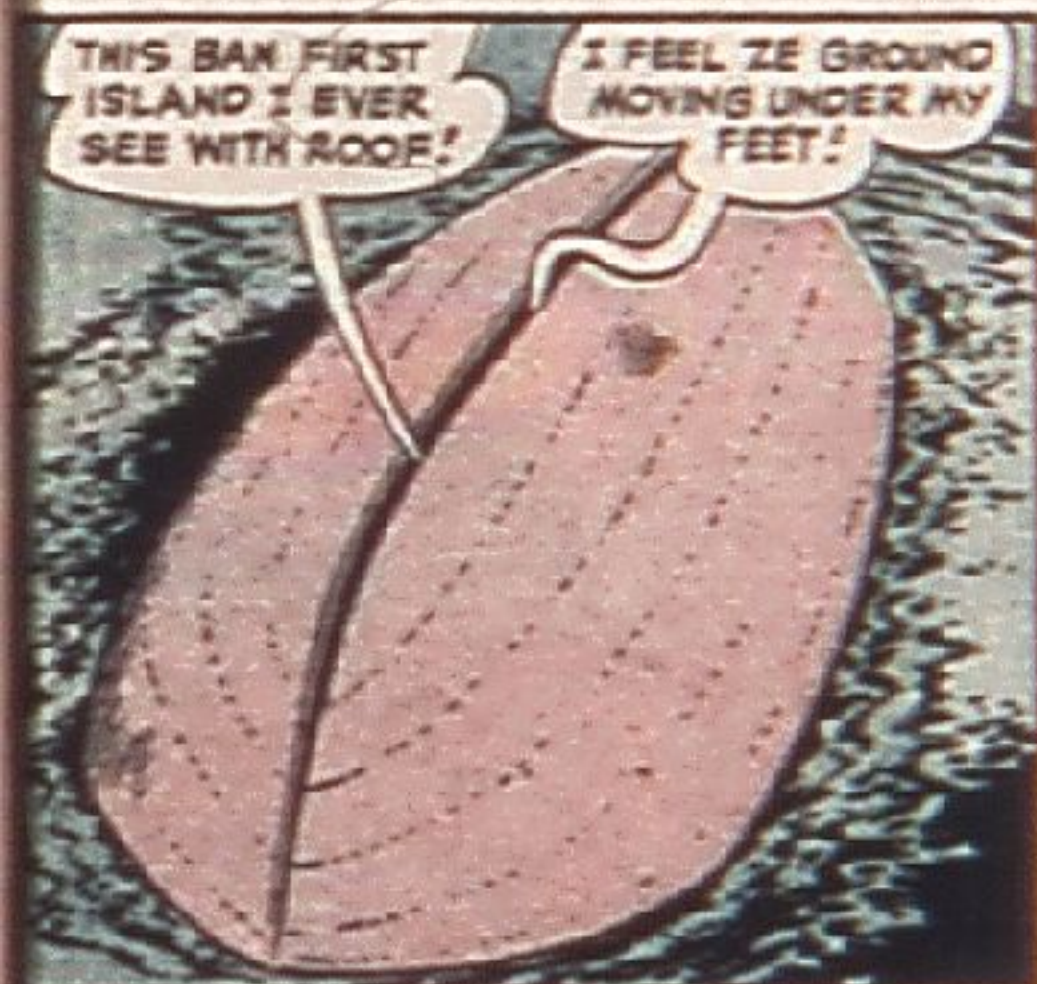
SOONER OR
LATER BLACK-
HAWK WAS
BOUND TO POKE
HIS NOSE IN MY
AFFAIRS! NOW
I'LL SEIZE THE
WHOLE CREW
AND DESTROY
THEM!



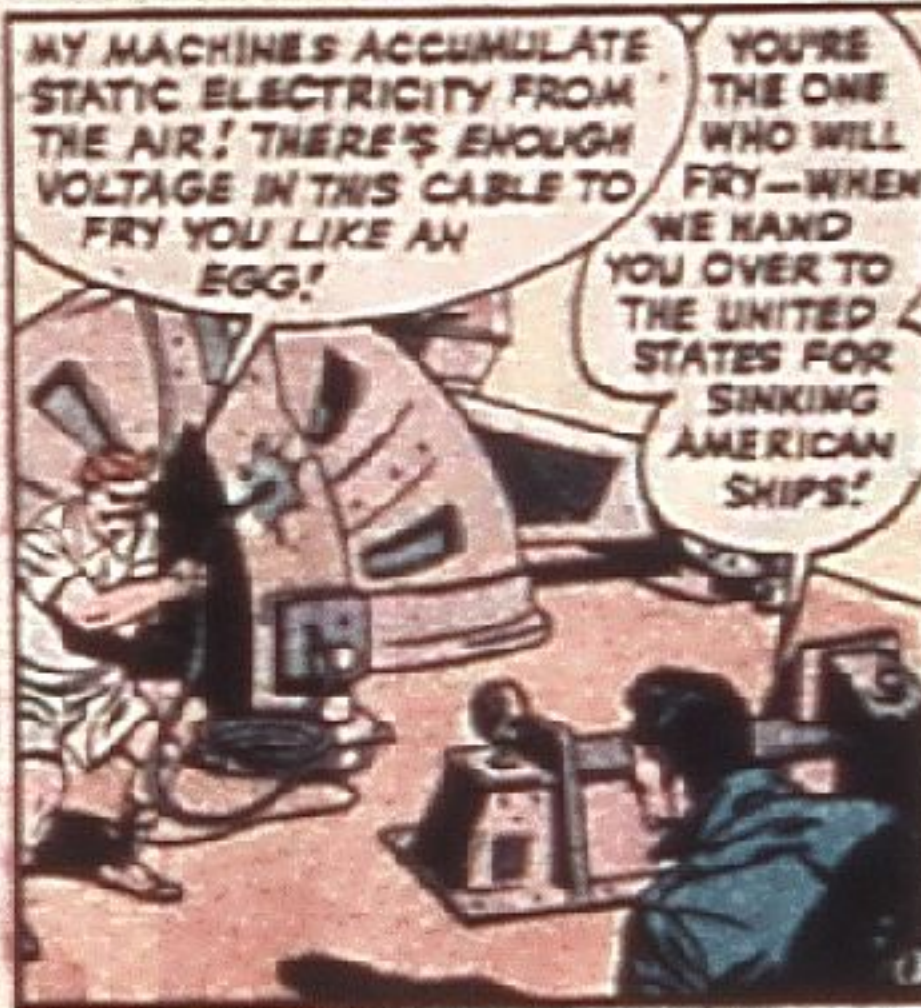
I'LL ORDER
THE MEN TO
SURROUND
THEM,
CAPTAIN
HARPY!

NO NEED--
THEY'LL NEVER
LEAVE THIS
ISLAND
ALONE!













NOW YOU TRY THE RECEIVING END!

MISSED ME!



YOU BLEW A HOLE IN THE SIDE OF MY VESSEL, BUT I'LL SURFACE AND ESCAPE WITH THESE!

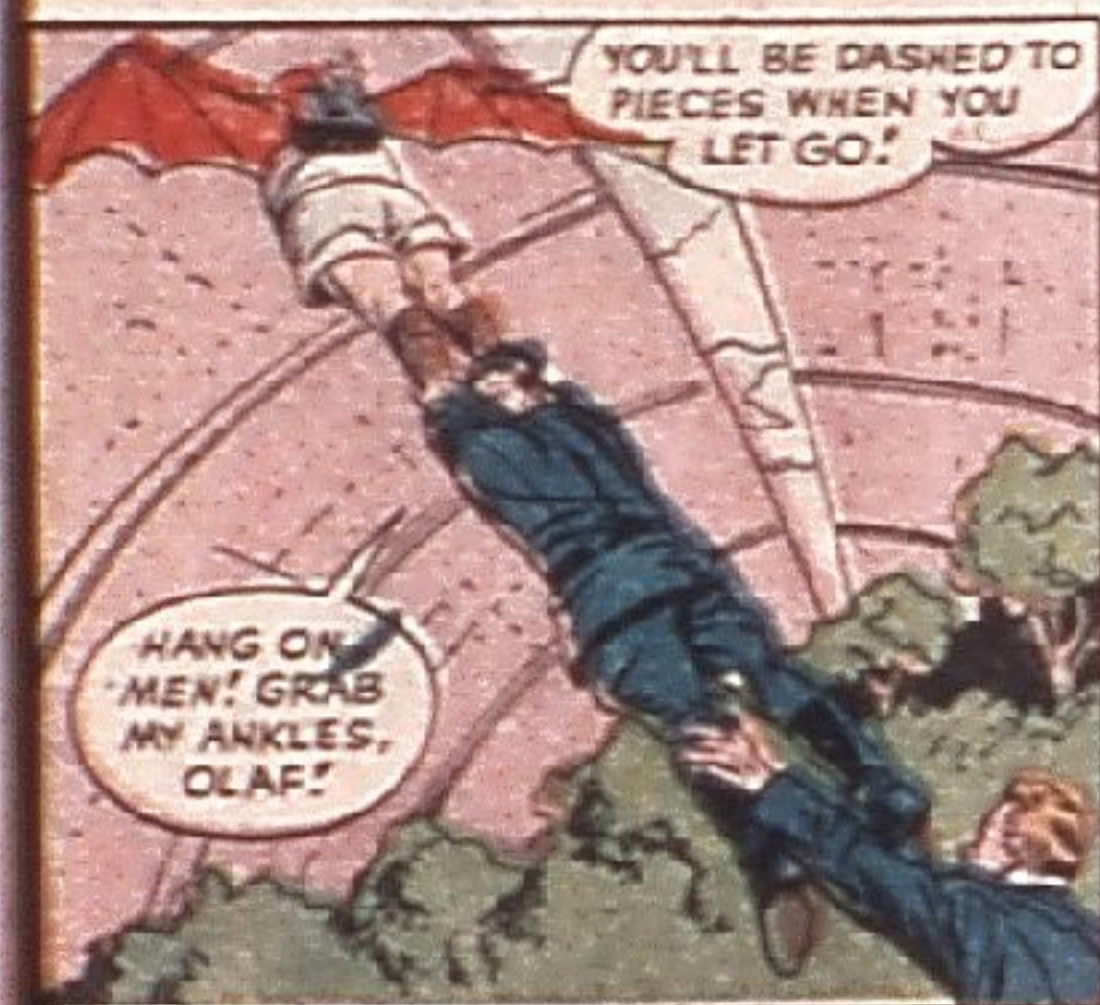


LIKE THE ISLAND, THESE WINGS RUN ON STATIC ELECTRICITY FROM THE AIR! I CAN FLY AWAY WHILE YOU STAY HERE AND DROWN!



GOOD-BYE, BLACKHAWKS!

YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THAT YOU'RE GOING TO BE TRIED FOR PIRACY!



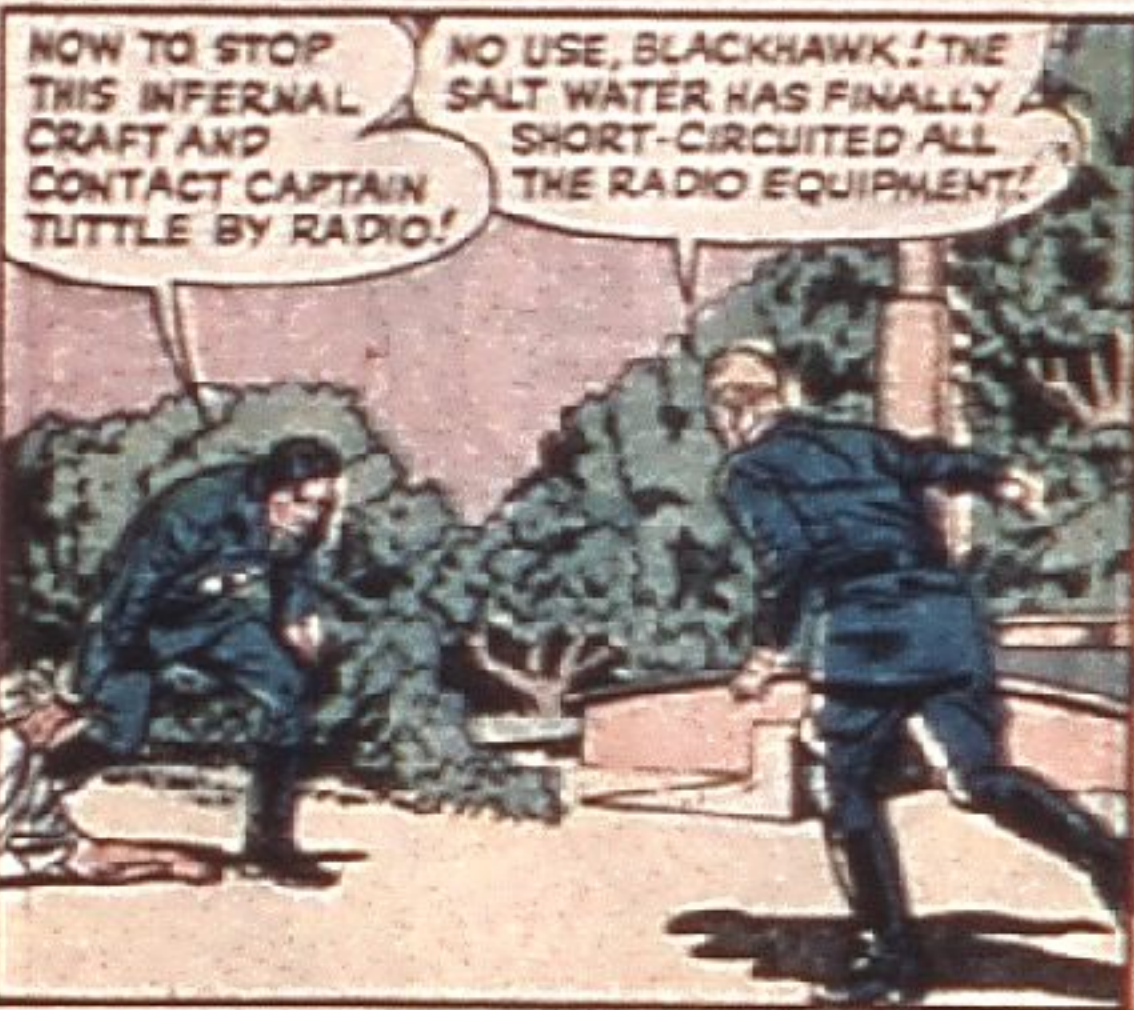
YOU'LL BE DASHED TO PIECES WHEN YOU LET GO!

HANG ON, MEN! GRAB MY ANKLES, OLAF!



YOUR COMBINED WEIGHT CAN'T KEEP ME FROM RISING! YOU'LL ALL BE KILLED!

HURRY, CHOP CHOP! YOU ARE WHAT EES CALLED ZE ANCHOR MAN!



HANG ON TO CAPTAIN HARRY...THE SHIP'S BOATS CAN PICK UP THE REST!

WE NO BAN GET AWAY!



SAVE AS MANY AS YOU CAN...FOR PUNISHMENT!

AYE, AYE, SIR!



WE MADE IT!
THIS IS BLACKHAWK CALLING CAPTAIN TUTTLE! HEAD FOR AN AMERICAN PORT!

THIS IS TUTTLE, BLACKHAWK! THERE'S NO NEED...WE'VE CONTACTED AN AMERICAN WARSHIP A FEW MILES AWAY!



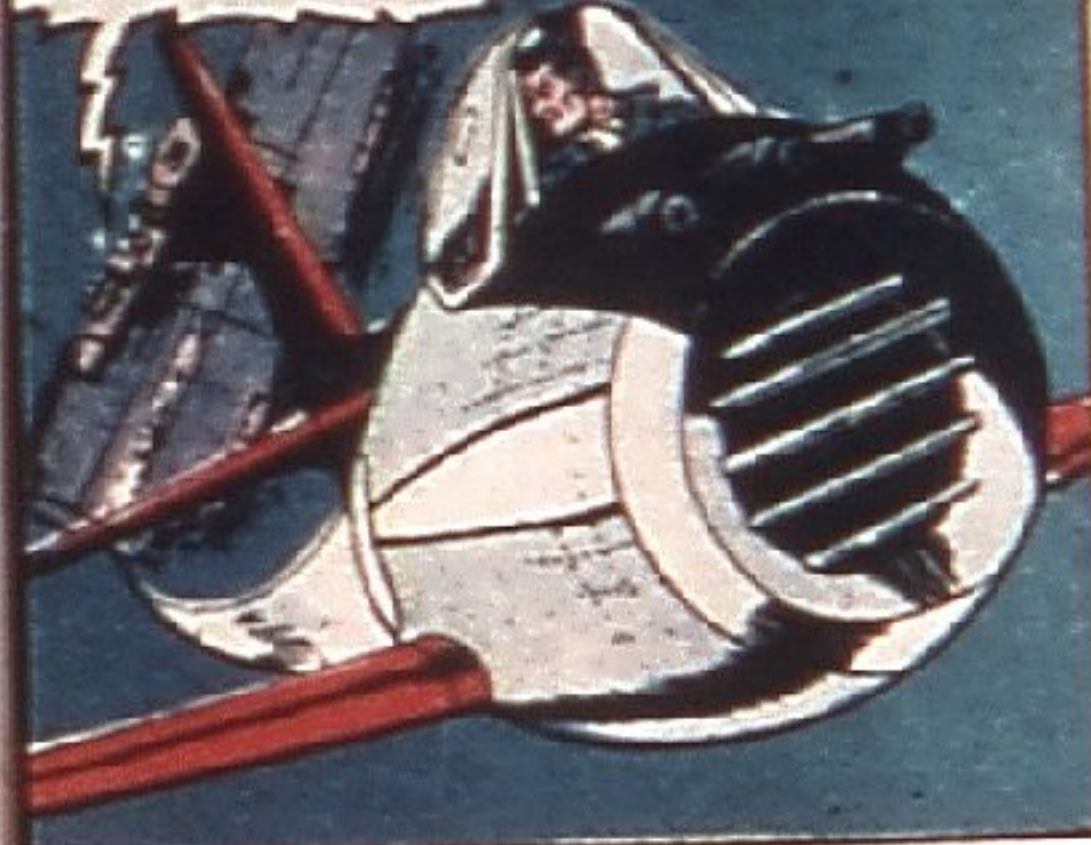
The Blackhawks soon land aboard the American vessel—

YOU'VE DONE WELL, BLACKHAWK! TUTTLE KEPT US INFORMED BY RADIO OF WHAT YOU WERE UP AGAINST!

THE SHIP'S HARRY SUNK FLEW THE AMERICAN FLAG...HERE'S WHERE YOU TAKE OVER!



GOOD LUCK, BLACKHAWKS! YOU'LL GET THE THANKS OF A GRATEFUL NATION!



As the Blackhawks head homeward once again...

WE'RE SWORN TO CLEAR THE SEA OF MODERN PIRACY... WE'RE BLACKHAWKS!



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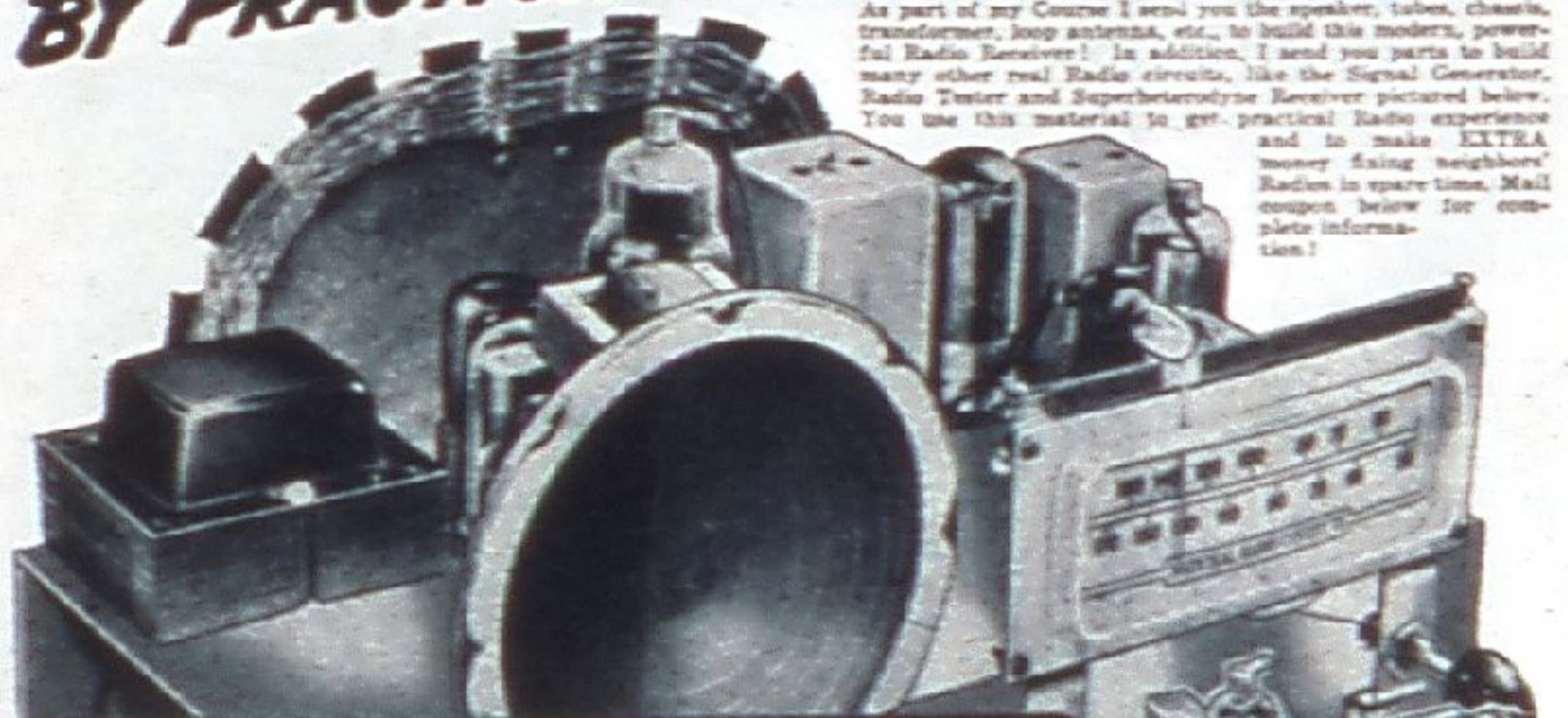
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